

LIVESEY'S MORAL REFORMER

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED, WEEKLY, BY J. LIVESSEY, 28, CHURCH-STREET, PRESTON.

No. 6.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1838.

ONE PENNY.

FRUITLESS AGITATION INSTEAD OF MORAL REFORM—HINTS ESPECIALLY TO THE WORKING CLASSES.

For twenty-five years I have been an attentive observer of the various struggles in which the working classes of this country have been engaged,—sometimes as a mere spectator, and occasionally joining them in some of their projects. I have also noticed the results of many of the movements in which they have been specially concerned; and I think I speak the sentiments of a great majority, when I say that most of them have been unsatisfactory. It would occupy a considerable space, barely to name the Societies, Associations, Unions, &c., which have been formed in almost every large town, and not a few attaining to the character of national, all assigning as their ultimate object, the happiness of the people. To support these institutions, many persons have spent time, endured odium, and suffered persecution; and large sums have been subscribed out of the earnings of the poor. Taking an honest retrospect, is it not evident that most of these combinations have proved abortive, and yielded to their ardent admirers nothing but disappointment? Poverty in some, mistaken patriotism in not a few, and villainy in others, have led to these various speculations. The first class retire from the explosion of a scheme, with the loss of their contributions—the second are very much mortified—and the third, having shared in the spoil, as reckless as ever, are immediately ready to moot some new project, and to endeavour to excite afresh the feelings of the people. After planning and proposing, meeting and agitating, subscribing and collecting, quarrelling and contesting, hoping and fearing, and running great risk of pains and penalties,—allow me candidly to ask what have you gained?—While engaged in these your families have frequently been neglected, and yourselves deprived during the best part of your life, of those calm and substantial enjoyments to which a more prudent course would have led. You are still as dissatisfied as ever, and if you agitate another twenty years upon the same principle, you will not be less so at the end of that period.

It is a great error to look too much to others, instead of ourselves and our own character, as the medium of happiness. It has been imagined that if this and the other change could be effected in the government, then all would be well, and the country prosperous; and many of the societies referred to, producing the agitation here lamented, have proceeded upon this principle. Most of the great national questions, as they have been called, have received the decision of the legislature, but where is the relief, and the boundless happiness which you were given to expect? The truth is, however pure the system of Government may be, if selfish and vicious men are to make and administer the laws, any positive benefit likely to accrue to the nation, will be diverted in its course: and while the country is unreformed in morals—while drunkenness, treachery, bribery, and contempt of the will of God, are openly practised by all classes, it is not possible to possess a virtuous government.—Hence you see you have been working at the wrong end, and if you are not under the influence of ignorance, or a love of evil,

you will in future begin at home; and let all your future associations recognize moral reform as the only sure basis of a country's greatness.

The prosperity and happiness of a people does not depend upon any given form of government; nor will any change in that department alone produce these effects. The mildest form of government—the purest system of representation, can only benefit a people, whose principles are correct, and whose conduct tends to honesty, independence, and every social virtue. Were it possible to remove the diseases incident to “the crown of the head,” if the whole body, even to the sole of the foot, remained covered with “wounds and bruises, and putrifying sores,” the advantage gained would be little indeed.

I am more and more convinced that in all our systems of agitation, “the first has been last, and the last first;”—that that which is of the greatest importance has been least attended to, and matters of inferior moment have foolishly absorbed your whole attention. There is no suffrage can be conferred upon any man, equal in its influence to that of sobriety, honesty, and a good moral conduct; these bring to a man and his family far more enjoyment than he can find in politics; and if he should be called upon to take a part in any laudable struggle for a national reform, his character points him out as the individual of all others the fittest to take the lead. If instead of a bare sprinkling of such characters, the whole mass were reformed, any physical demonstration of power would never be thought of, for their moral influence would soon dry up the moisture of corruption, and the legislature would be sure to take the character of the people from whom it emanates. In a virtuous community, physical resistance is out of the question; and it is pleasing to remark, that notwithstanding the continued prevalence of vice, there is sufficient evidence to prove that the tranquillity of this country at present, compared with former periods, is in a great measure owing to the partial advance of morality, and the improved conduct of the people.

Whenever we have unfortunately been compelled to witness a strong manifestation of violence, we have not been able to trace its connection with the greatest amount of poverty, but rather with the want of mental culture and moral worth. The idle, the drunken, the desperate, are generally the most disaffected, and though unwilling to take a single step towards amending their own conduct, are the most clamorous for reform.

Political leaders, and national agitators, very often make the mass of the people into a sledge hammer, by which they combat and try to destroy each other. Actuated by revenge rather than patriotism, they excite the multitude to discontent and outrage, but never compensate them for their losses. I rest this assertion on well-known facts, and thousands whose hopes have been kept on the stretch year after year, are now complaining that they never received either individually or as members of the community, any advantage whatever. And if we enquire of persons who have been connected with local associations, trade societies, &c. we find much discontent, arising from the perfidy of leaders, the dishonesty of secretaries and treasurers, or from the losses sustained in adhering to rules hostile to their own interests.

We are apt very much to over-rate legislative influence either for good or for evil, the effect of which is to lessen our own activity in the respective spheres of usefulness in which we move, waiting (though generally in vain) for government to do that which might be better done by ourselves. The mere patronage of a government adds nothing to the merit of any scheme; and though it may recommend it to the reception of the courtier, and the partizan, being generally regulated by worldly policy, it will be received with great caution by those who prefer substance to shadows, and spiritual good to mere national fame. When coercion is requisite, government can unquestionably impart the power, but it is not by such means that the christian seeks to renovate society. When the heart is wrong, the best legislation will be evaded, as in the case of the West India slave holders, and no corruption can ever be *satisfactorily expunged* but by moral means. I could refer to many instances where the wise and virtuous of England, instead of exerting themselves, and by prudent and persevering efforts securing the co-operation of their neighbours, have been waiting for government to take up their schemes, and by some supposed universal and omnipotent power to command success throughout the kingdom. In reference to education, for instance, nothing is wanting in this country but liberality and zeal, commensurate with the professions we put forward, to make it, in the proper sense of the term, *national*; to place it in such a position that intruding corruptions might be easily removed—to adapt its form and spirit to the changes of future times—to free it from the bewilderment of theological disputes—and to endow it with all the advantages of local control, of home guardianship, and voluntary support—and yet we are trying to force this question upon government, although, to meet the wishes and prejudices of all parties, it will prove a most perplexing affair. It is somewhat remarkable that those who are advocates for "the voluntary system," and reprobate the interference of government in religion, should at the same time so strenuously advocate government education. The benevolent and public spirited of every populous town, instead of having long since provided public walks and places of amusement for the people, have contented themselves for the last dozen years with merely repeating the sentiments of parliamentary orators upon this interesting subject. The mal-administration of the poor laws—the cruelty of overseers, and the impositions of paupers, were long known and lamented; but the religious instruction of the peasantry, accompanied by suitable and appropriate efforts to raise their character, by the clergy and others, would have produced a much more salutary change, and led to more permanent improvements and satisfactory results than the arbitrary innovations which the parliament has thought proper to adopt.

It is not so much the duty of a government to manage the social regulations in society, to act in a *positive* character, as to secure to all parties a *free and fair* opportunity of *doing it for themselves*. Watching with solicitude the multifarious affairs of the state, with a coercive power in its hand, the government preserves freedom to all, and allows the fullest scope for speculation and enterprise, consistent with the public weal.

Upon a close enquiry, therefore, I think it will be found, that the advancement of the working people does not depend so much upon the introduction of new laws either by government or by their own confederations, as upon the abrogation of some of those already existing; and that all changes, negative, or positive, can only be beneficial, so far as they are connected with moral culture, and a sincere desire to do your duty both to God and man. The sun shines and the rain descends with their fructifying influences, but if the garden be unenclosed and uncultivated, of what use are these? No: you must first make good the fences, dig the earth, sow the seed, and then talk about the weather. If for instance the *conventional law*, which leads to the annual expenditure of 55 millions a year in intoxicating liquors—fills our gaols, asylums, and work-houses—neutralizes the best efforts of the schoolmaster—pauperizes and punishes thousands of our artisans—and which does more to counteract trade and embarrass commerce, than any American

panic—if *this law* were abrogated (and this can only be done by moral means) it would improve the nation more than all the restraining and coercive enactments which will be placed upon the statute book for the next century.

The conclusion at which I arrive, is this, that the working classes have been waging an unprofitable war with government, and their employers, instead of securing their own interests and the removal of public abuses, by beginning to reform at home; and that others of wealth and talent, instead of waiting to throw the management of our social affairs into the hands of government, ought to take the overweight themselves, and in conjunction with the people, to make those changes and carry into effect those plans which the state of the population, and local circumstances, render desirable.

AN IMPROVEMENT IN HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

It was Friday evening; I just stepped in to see my neighbour, William Jones, and as the interview was interesting, I will furnish a few particulars for the Reformer. He had just come from his work, and was seated by one side of the fire, his wife on the other, and the children were severally engaged, one counting the wages of the eldest girl, in copper, another reading a book, and little Jem was writing on the table. After taking my seat before a good fire, "what is Jem writing about?" I enquired. "Oh," replied Mary his mother, "he is writing down all the articles we are likely to want for the next week. Formerly we had to send for every thing when we wanted it, sometimes three pennyworth, and sometimes sixpennyworth of meal at once, half a pound of sugar, three or four times a week, a quart of milk in the morning, and perhaps a pint in the evening. Sometimes when we have had nothing to our potatoes we have had to send out there and then for a pennyworth of onions, and perhaps the lad would stay so long, that when he returned all would be cold. If a child was poorly, and it was thought desirable to give him some scalded buttermilk when going to bed, there would perhaps be no treacle in the house. I remember when our William worked in the country, that he had sometimes to start without breakfast, having forgotten to get in sugar or coffee the night before. Little Betty has had to run many a time for a pound of treacle when the porridge has been on the table, and she has frequently been too late at school through it.

We have changed our plan;—we now make arrangements on a Friday night, to prevent all these inconveniences; and it is very seldom, indeed, that we have a single article to purchase through the week. This is the time that we generally send for our groceries, and to the chandlers for our soap and candles, for it lessens the Saturday's buying-in, and the shops are not so crowded. To-morrow forenoon I go to market for butter, eggs, fruit, and vegetables. Again, on Saturday evening, after the younger children are washed and sent to bed, William and I go together:—we then buy our flesh meat, any articles of wearing apparel which are wanted, and any thing else which I had omitted in the forenoon; but I assure you, we don't, like some that I could name, stop at the dram shop, either for two pennyworth or any other quantity. We always pay ready money for every article we buy, and by this means we get them good, and at a reasonable price. And since William became a tee-totaller, we have begun to do a little in the wholesale way:—for instance, we get at least a load of potatoes at once—generally half a pack of flour; and last week we joined Betty Salthouse at a whole cheese, by which we saved a penny a pound. We are now saving a little every week, intending before the cold weather is over to buy a little side of pork, to make into bacon for ourselves." I was really delighted with this tale, but fearing that I might disconcert their arrangements for the evening, I began to move, making an apology for staying so long. "Keep your seat," said the good housewife, "and so soon as we have sent off the girl for the groceries, we will chat a bit longer." I waited till the articles were named, the money counted, and the obedient girl, with her basket and cloak, had started upon her errand. Feeling disposed, as most people

do, to suggest objections, I said, "Do you think it is any saving to have so much about you—these children I should fear will become extravagant, and *slonch* into the meat every hour in the day." William here took up the subject, fancying, I suppose, that Mary had had a fair share in the conversation. "Our children," said he, "are taught to eat at meal times, and none, if they be in health, are allowed anything betwixt meals, excepting a little bread or a drink of water, and, therefore, there is no waste, consequent upon having a stock in the house." "But, surely," said I, "you must have a very large pantry." "Nay, not we indeed," he replied, "but we have a place for every thing, and when good order is kept in a pantry, you would scarcely believe how much it will hold. Now, to convince you just step in and see my wife's arrangements." I did so, and really every thing was so clean and orderly—every pot and tin, whether empty or full, so conveniently placed, and the arrangements were so good, that I saw that management was every thing. "Now, friend Robert," said he, "I will just give you a contrast:—I have here a paper, which I call 'A peep into the pantry,' and which refers to that same place before my wife and I began on the principle of order." The following is a copy:—

A meal tin on the floor, with the cover off, and the bread crumbs falling into it from the shelf—a treacle jug, with two spoons in, and nearly covered with treacle outside—pieces of bread on two plates, and some on the shelf—the bread basket out of use, containing several saucers and a tea-pot lid—milk can, and the milk board under the stone—onions, in a large jug—some potatoe-pie mouldy on the top shelf—several physic bottles, half full, and a jug of camomile flowers, of some week's standing—a brush, a mop handle, and an old frying pan in the corner—with an assemblage of brown, blue, black and white ware, sound and unsound, broken and whole, lined with dust and ornamented with cobwebs, piled up in a remote corner—the sand, instead of being on the floor, was in a butter sieve.

"You see," resumed the good man, "how much depends upon management, and it is astonishing what a deal of time and cross words are saved by attention to good order. As to 'the weekly list' which guides our buying in, I should tell you that we have always a number of slips ready prepared, which those two boys (pointing to two smiling lads at the table) write on the winter's evenings, as exercise, and for which we give them now and then an apple. This paper contains six columns, the first of which the boys fill up ready, with the names of most of the articles wanted in the house, leaving a few blank lines at the bottom, for inserting those which are but seldom needed; the other columns are for the quantity wanted—the probable cost—where to be got—when, and by whom. To save room, you will perceive the initials; M. stands for mother, F. father, B. for Betty, F. e. Friday evening, S. f. Saturday forenoon, &c. We use one of these every week, and fill it up on the Friday night; and since we adopted this plan we have not had that bawling and shouting, disputing and murmuring about first one thing and then another, which often happened before. Mary is my banker; she keeps the cash; and after the list is made out, she furnishes the money for what is wanted, and commissions those who are to fetch it in. Opposite the name of every article not wanted for the week, we place a dash. These forms might be printed; and if made into a book, would serve the purpose of a Housekeeper's Register." Pleased with the strong expressions of approbation which I gave of their superior management, he said "James, bring one of our weekly lists filled up ready, so that neighbour Hadfield may take it home with him." While the boy was selecting the paper at the bookcase, the wife, who had been trying for some time to slip in a word, observed, "some women say what a bother it is to be guided by a list, but I think that it is a very great saving both of time and money; it also gives satisfaction, for since William became sober, he likes to know how his money goes. By this plan our week's expenditure is always brought before him in black and white, and we are hereby assisted in checking any extravagant or thoughtless outlay." "Yes!"

rejoined William, "and nothing now gives me greater pleasure than to be the president of our little executive government of household affairs; Jemmy is the secretary, and Mary—that Mary whom, to my shame, I once despised—is now Chancellor of the Exchequer! Here is the list, friend Hadfield—take it with you, and I hope, having given up your glasses, you will shortly adopt the same plan."

WEEKLY LIST.

Articles wanted.	Quantity.	Estimated cost.	Whom to be bought from.	By whom.	When.
Apples	10lb.	0s. 7d.	Mk.	M.	S. f.
Barn..	0 2	Gar.	B.	M. f.
Butter	3lb.	3 3	Mk.	M.	S. f.
Candles	2lb.	1 0	Jac.	B.	F. e.
Coals
Coffee	4oz.	0 6	Tr.	B.	F. e.
Currants	2lb.	0 4½	Ben.	B.	F. e.
Eggs	0 6	Mk.	M.	S. f.
Flesh meat	L. M.	3 6	Sham.	F.	S. n.
Flour
Milk	usual
Oatmeal	30lb.	3 6	Bur.	J.	M. m.
Rice	2lb.	0 7	Ben.	B.	F. e.
Potatoes	1 load	4 6	Mar.	F.	S. n.
Salt	3lb.	0 1	Ben.	B.	F. e.
Soap	2lb.	1 0	Jac.	B.	F. e.
Sugar	3lb.	1 9	Ben.	B.	F. e.
Tea	2oz.	0 10	Tr.	B.	F. e.
Black worsted	2oz.	0 4½	Le.	M.	S. n.
Moral Reformer	0 1	Liv.	F.	S. n.

HE SMELLS OF DRINK.

"THERE is a shopkeeper, a Mr. ———, wants to buy a load of flour on credit" said the shopman to Mr. Cautious, who was in his private counting house, "shall I let him have it?" "What is he? Do you know any thing about him?" "No; excepting this that *he smells of drink*." That is enough; tell him we have too many trust customers already.

"Pray master can you give me a trifle of any thing; I am very near hungered to death" said an old man who knocked at the door, with a most melancholy looking countenance. "Is it likely I should relieve you," said I, "*you smell of rum*." "I assure you" answered the old man "I have not *spent* any thing; for I had not a halfpenny to spare; a friend of mine gave me two penny-worth." "No matter, I cannot relieve you now."

"Well, Mr. L., I hope you will favor us with a good order this journey, we have an excellent article to offer you," observed a traveller for a paper warehouse, who came in rubbing his hands, with full blown cheeks, "I will be candid with you Mr. ———;" was the reply, "if you wish me to do business with you, always call before dinner; you *smell so strong of your wine* I cannot endure it." The young gentleman blushed still more, and said "It is a bad practice I know, and I heartily wish the fashion of drinking at dinner was done away."

"I've a small bill against you ma'am," said a traveller to Mrs. Dean, "for a cask of mustard." "I was not aware that I owed you any thing; I believe I paid your young man the last time he was round." She then presented the receipt. "You see the account is settled, and I have the receipt for the money; but I was afraid there would be some mistake, for I remember that when I paid him *he smelled as strong as a brandy cask*."

A stout looking young man stepped in one evening with a small book, begging for the unfortunate workpeople who had lost their employment, in consequence of a mill being burnt down near Lancaster. After stating his case, the master, looking earnestly at him, said "However I may feel for their misfortune, is it likely that I could trust my money with a man who *smells so strong of ale as you do*? My young man, if you would serve these unfortunate people, *abstain from drink*, for depend upon it although others may not be so plain with you as I am, you will not get much while you *smell so strong of alcohol*."

Surely there is a dearth of *caraway seeds*; or have the dram

shops bought them all up? "Gentlemen travellers, at a guinea a day, at any rate, might afford a few. Perhaps "a Commission" to inquire into this subject might be desirable!

DECEPTION, No. 2.

MR. EDITOR,—Since writing my last, I have been repeatedly importuned not to proceed in a course of exposure so dangerous to existing interests. I pacified these alarmists by assuring them I *would* desist; but now, agreeably with my well-known character, I proceed with my adventures, and from this they will learn how worthy I am to be trusted.

You must not expect a lengthy epistle this week: I am engaged in training the new "House of Commons," and all other engagements must be subordinate. I find in this parliament many old friends, and indeed this place has long been considered the seat of my government. How many thousand speeches have I made in that house! and how often, by reasoning and declamation, have I endeavoured to prove that "the worse was the better side!" I taught the members to assume the title of *representatives of the people*, although, in point of fact, they are the representatives of their own *purses*, and their measures are too often concerted to benefit their own order. My assistance is still called for; honesty and patriotism are rare qualities in legislators, but as these must at least be *professed*, I am called in to shape the disguise. I have lost by the last election some of my favourites, with whom I took sweet counsel; but still I have a number willing to advocate religion for the *nation*, though they have none *themselves*; and others clamouring for the relief of the working classes who never in their lives were known to contribute the least to alleviate their sufferings. I shall have to supply these with the "heads" of all their speeches. You will excuse me, therefore, if, in this address, I merely throw together, regardless of order, a few incidents connected with my ramblings in society.

Entering a bookseller's shop one day, where an author was lamenting the want of sale for a book he had published, "Oh," said I, rather dictatorily, "why don't you puff? No author can now stand upon merit; you must sail with the wind or sink. In the first place, you must advertise it in the papers, and unite with it a paragraph commencing, 'It is with great pleasure we direct our readers to the valuable work advertised in our columns.' The editors, who so often 'feel sorry' in referring to calamitous events, and report the preaching of 'excellent and impressive' sermons, are sure, *if you please them*, to praise your book. In the next place, get the interest of the 'reviewers,' those who presume to direct the judgments of the literati of the country, and you may get your work praised, though the individuals have never taken time to read it. You must also tear out the title page, and stitch in another, with the announcement of a 'second edition!'—"Offer great advantages," said I, "to a publisher, to induce persons to subscribe for your forthcoming work; state that 'the price to subscribers is 10s., to non-subscribers 12s. 6d.;" although the same work may, in a few months, may be met with at a book sale for half a crown. "No more copies will be printed than what are subscribed for," sometimes appears on the prospectus of a new publication, to induce people to subscribe, yet, when the work comes out, there are copies enough begging for purchasers, both in London and the country. Societies, also, are like books; they need puffing, and my advice always is, if you want to draw the public into a belief that your society is popular, and its object is of great importance, take care that you fill an octavo page with a regular classification of the names and titles of its officers. PATRON, PRESIDENT, VICE PRESIDENTS, TREASURER, HONORARY SECRETARY, &c. &c. Only get it a NAME, and then the great object, intimated by "the want of funds," which is sure to occur in the report, may possibly be attained. It won't do, depend upon it, to give people the trouble of thinking for themselves; you must either have "the patronage of her Majesty," or a long list of other patrons, if you mean to give your society a standing among our "useful institutions."

A faithful agent of mine "bolted" the other day: he was a deep fellow, a shopkeeper, and well trained in the arts of deception. Unlike most simpletons, who, if they don't intend to pay, care little about the price or quality of the articles they purchase, he would haggle for the last penny, which he was sagacious enough to know would give the sellers a more favourable opinion of his intentions to pay. When behind in his payments, and when pressed to settle his accounts, I told him always to lay the fault upon the houses, which, he must state, he had been building, and which had taken much more money than he expected. Although he kept selling off his stock, and making it into cash, his shop appeared to be literally crammed with sacks of flour, standing upon each other. This apparent stock reconciled the wholesale men to look off their accounts, when, one morning, to their infinite mortification, he had flown, and the sacks which had maintained his credit, on examination, were found filled with saw dust! "Thus," said I, "we have managed this point well; it does credit to our talents."

I admonish my pupils, if they have relations worth money, always to keep on good terms with them, to show the deepest sympathy in their sufferings, and, in the probable event of death, to affect excessive sorrow. Follow the corpse with a faltering step, and saturate your handkerchief with tears; and see that the deceased is safely laid in the grave, before you inquire about the property. I need not say, that you must then demand the "will," and, in self-gratulation, try to assuage your grief by taking an inventory of the goods and chattels of your departed friend.

No persons are so badly left as widows, and none to whom I more readily give my assistance. In order to show their sincerity, and to forbid any overture that might disturb the remembrance of the virtues of their late husbands, a veil and other emblems are worn, the interpretation of which is, "the days of my mourning are not ended." Exceptions to these cases, however, sometimes occur, when the strongest bursts of grief are followed by a sweet deliverance from all trouble. A young widow followed the corpse of her husband, and her grief was so intense that her friends had to support her; at the grave side she was frantic, and nothing seemed capable of relieving her but being buried with her husband. Woman is a changeable being, and, therefore, in five weeks, I told her to dry up her tears, and as she had the offer of another good home, "how foolish," said I, "you would be to refuse it." I need not say she took my advice.

So versatile are my talents, that I find no condition in life a barrier to my success. I am frequently closeted with her Majesty's Ministers; and as readily do I take my seat in the weaver's cellar. I was, the other day, no little gratified with a visit to one of the latter. I assisted him to take off his piece, to brush up, and to clean the selvage; but, on examining the work, a large *gauze* appeared. "Depend upon it, if the taker-in see this, he will *bute* me a shilling," said the poor fellow. "Oh, we will manage it, you will see," replied I: "mind and wrap up in such a manner that this will just come into one of the foldings, and he will be sure to overlook it. It will thus be like those lines in a newspaper, which, happening about the middle of the page, can scarcely be read, owing to the folding." Another "bad place," turned up in a piece woven by one of his children: "This is too large to be covered in a folding," said he; "what must I do?" "Prevent, if it be possible, the keen eye of the taker-in from fixing upon it; make the cloth as dirty as you can, with candle snuff or any thing else, at a distance from the defect, to divert his eye from the blemish; and in drawing over the cloth in a hurry on Saturday afternoon, just before dark, when they are throng (for this is the time you must select as most favourable for your object) it is possible he will never see it." Both these stratagems succeeded, and the poor man was ever after grateful to me as his friend. My doctrine is, "follow *example*," whenever it will serve your purpose, never mind conscience; and the man told me, that, on this ground, he could feel pretty easy, for it was a standing order of his employers, that in the last yard of each demy, which

was intended to appear on the outside when they were finished for sale, he was to put five picks in the quarter of an inch more than in other parts of the piece. "Deception," said the poor weaver, "is incorporated with our manufacturing system, and, surely, upon the ground of necessity, none need its assistance more than the weavers."

I have long been gulling the English folks with promises of suddenly becoming rich. The joint stock company bubbles were what I delighted in. The attorneys and I had many a secret consultation; and having persuaded simple John that the money maker's millenium was at hand, we organized a new company every week, and many a speculator, upon the point of ordering a new carriage and livery, was reduced in a day to abject poverty.

Being a very consistent character myself, you are sure I am fond of seeing it in all my friends, and especially in my religious disciples. But there are some who are very refractory, and whom I cannot induce to put on the least disguise. The sexton who *sneers* that he has not had a burying this fortnight, and cannot afford a single glass; the clerk, who, betwixt prayers and the finishing of the sermon, comes out of church for a squib, himself a landlord, and serving daily at the shrine of Bacchus; the ringers, who, though they invite the whole district to prayers, manifest a great deal more pleasure over a couple of gallons given at a wedding; the singers, who no sooner get well clear of the church gates than they make it up to go for a few glasses to clear their voices; the minister who preaches his fifty-two set sermons in the year, and attends the tavern, the theatre, and the race course:—I say, as it respects all these, there is *no disguise*. I regard those as my best supporters who "*disfigure* their faces, are *outwardly* righteous; who for a *pretence* make long prayers, and do all their works to be *seen of men*;" those who declaim about the value of a soul being more than a world, and yet are scarcely ever found where thousands perish for lack of knowledge; those who, with uplifted eyes and pathetic accent, make the most fervent appeals to God, yet tell deliberate falsehoods; those who sing as if their souls were ready to join the angelic choir, yet are the very last to pay their just debts; those whose religion is "in word and in tongue," instead of "in deed and of truth:"—these are the persons whom I delight to honour. I often go among them, and the mysteries and obscurities of the accounts belonging to churchwardens, chapels, and Sunday schools, are sometimes owing to my interference. I am the father of hypocrisy, and I assure you, I have not been less active in spreading it in modern times than I was in diffusing it among the Pharisees of old. I have drawn a *form* of religion over this country, with but little of its power, and have so modified the article, and connected it with respectability and wealth, that those whose entrance into the kingdom of heaven was once declared as difficult as that of a "camel through the eye of a needle," are now the most ostentatious aspirants for a heavenly crown. Don't you see how the walls are covered with *religious advertisements*; that numerous as "assignments" and "sales" are, these are more numerous; that sanctuaries and outward services are multiplying daily; and that taxes, direct and indirect, in the shape of tickets, sittings, collections, dues, tithes, &c., are levied almost upon every individual. Now, if it be true, as you assert, that crime, immorality, and irreligion continue to *abound*, how is this paradox explained, that there should be so great a disparity betwixt the *reality* and the *appearance*, but by admitting that your worthy correspondent has a *considerable influence* in these affairs. Could I for a moment remove the veil of delusion, and exhibit society as it is, the effect would be astounding! but it is well this is not permitted, and therefore, with your wonted indulgence, I will occasionally allow your readers a peep at those passing events in which I have a share. I have more than exhausted my time. Good bye for the present.

I have the honour to be,

Yours sincerely (?)

"DECEPTION,"

I DON'T LIKE TO SEE

A DIRTY shirt covered with a clean dickey: a working man who has two hats, wearing the best every day: windows patched with paper, rags, or turf: a hearse standing at a landlord's door: a sweep pressing through a crowd: a woman's boot lace dangling loose: orange peels thrown on the footpath: a man summoned before the magistrates for potatoe tithes to the amount of five-pence: an orphan girl tempted to walk the streets for the purpose of prostitution: good meat thrown to the dogs: a workhouse funeral almost without attendance: a woman beating her child because it had nearly been run over: a country overseer putting out a poor woman by the shoulders: two men fighting a pitched battle on a Sunday afternoon: a man after breaking a square of glass in a window, running away to escape detection: a child crying for hours together in the cradle: a poor lad going to the factory very much out of health: a man stuffed with rich food till his legs are obliged to be tied up: a bed room comb left full of hair: a servant waiting at the table with dirty hands: a woman slipping in at the back door of a public house, with a little jug, at tea time: a justice fining persons for getting drunk, who frequently gets fresh himself: a gold ring on the little finger of a dissenting minister: a bishop riding in a carriage and four: a Catholic priest with a smart young lady in his arm: a beggar exhibiting his wounds and deformations on the road side: an old man of seventy and a girl of seventeen, going into the church to be married: a drunken coachman driving his horses at full gallop down the street: obscene and immoral prints in a bookseller's shop window: poor men pressing into the shop where the most violent newspaper is sold: clothes lying to be moth-eaten, while there are so many backs without covering: a coach-horse with bleeding shoulders: a dog in a poor man's house who gets relief from the parish: children's shoes unbuttoned, and stockings out at the heels: an umbrella, on a windy day, with two broken bones: a shop with dirty windows: the bailiffs carrying the bed and chairs of a poor widow to the obelisk, to sell for rent: a poor ragged wife seeking her husband at twelve o'clock on a Saturday night: a great number of young lads coming from the French Pavilion, at eleven o'clock in the evening: a man sending 2s. 6d. a fortnight to his wife, instead of living with her: men carrying planks, ladders, boxes, iron rods, and besoms on the foot-path: a man walking out, his wife following at the distance of about three yards: a window blind drawn up, one side twelve inches higher than the other: a woman knocking at a pawbroker's shop at half-past twelve o'clock on a Sunday morning: a congregation of *worshipping* Christians sitting while the minister *prays*: a poor weaver without dinner at half-past three o'clock, pushing to get in his cut by four: a woman driving a stone-cart: a fop's handkerchief dangling six inches out of his pocket: the door of a privy in one of the main streets: a street of houses nearly all uninhabited: a wife and mother, forty-five years of age, without a cap: a waggon and horses standing two hours at a public house door: a family eating from their knees in different parts of the house: a poor man with his hands in his pockets, and a pipe in his mouth: a mechanic walking the streets on a Tuesday with a broken face: a person once worth a hundred a-year, but fond of his glass, sinking in his clothes at the age of forty: a servant carrying a shovel full of burning coals, through rooms with papered walls and carpeted floors: persons walking at the front of a corn warehouse, with full sacks of grain suspended over their heads: crumbs of bread thrown into the ashes or the fire: so many assignments and bankruptcies in the papers: a man anxious to get home—left for want of room in the coach: all the public pumps dry in hot weather: a place about a quarter full at the delivery of an excellent scientific lecture: a number of persons asleep while the minister is enforcing the will of God by the sanctions of eternity: a man in a state of solvency distressed, and his goods brought to the hammer, through the stupidity of one creditor: a two horse cart laden with pipes of wine and punchcons of rum: and a white sign with black lettering—"To be drunk on the premises."

VARIETIES.

YOUNG WOMEN.—There is nearly always something of nature's own gentility in very young women (except indeed when they get together and fall a giggling); it shames us men to see how much sooner they are polished into conventional shape, than our rough masculine angles. A vulgar boy requires, heaven knows what assiduity, to move three steps—I do not say like a gentleman, but like a body that has a soul in it; but give the least advantage of society or tuition to a peasant girl, and a hundred to one but she will glide into refinement, before the boy can make a bow without upsetting the table. There is sentiment in all women, and sentiment gives delicacy to thought, and tact to manner. But sentiment with men is generally acquired, an offspring of the intellectual quality—not, as with the other sex, of the moral.—*Ernest Maltravers.*

A FOOLISH MALEDICTION ON TEA.—If we compare the nature of tea with the nature of true English diet, no one can think it a proper vegetable for us. It has no parts fit to be assimilated to our bodies; its essential salt does not hold oil enough to be joined to the body of an animal; its oil is but very little, and that of the opiate kind, and therefore it is so far from being nutritive that it irritates and frets the nerves and fibres, exciting the expulsive faculty, so that the body may be lessened and weakened, but it cannot increase and be strengthened by it. But were it entirely wholesome, as balsam or mint, it were yet mischief enough to have our whole populace used to sip warm water in a mincing, effeminate manner, once or twice every day. This mocks the strong appetite, relaxes the stomach, satiates it with trifling, light knicknacks, which have little in them to support hard labour. In this manner the bold and brave become dastardly, the strong become weak, the women become barren, or, if they breed, their blood is made so poor that they have not strength to suckle, and if they do the child dies of the gripes; in short it gives an effeminate, weakly turn to the people in general. It is now become a part of the covenant with labouring servants truly, that they must be allowed tea for breakfast. If this unwholesome weed is not in some degree prohibited by the government, I can expect nothing less in one generation more, but that we must hire foreigners, as they do in Spain, to do our hard labour, or for the defence of the nation. I leave any one to guess what soldiers we are like to have. I do not think I would be far wrong, were I to say that most of the political evils of the last twenty years are owing to the unrestricted use of tea.—*Grubstreet Journal, 1737.*

THE PRAISE OF PIANOS.—A Piano-forte is a most agreeable object. It is a piece of furniture with a soul in it, ready to waken at a touch, and charm us with invisible beauty. Open or shut, it is pleasant to look at; but open, it looks best, smiling at us with its ivory, like the mouth of a sweet singer. The keys of a Piano-forte are, of themselves, an agreeable spectacle,—an elegance not sufficiently prized for their aspect, because they are so common; but well worth regarding even in that respect. It is one of the advantages of this instrument to the learner, that there is no discord to go through in getting at a tone. The tone is ready made. The finger touches the key, and there is music at once. Another and greater advantage is, that it contains a whole concert in itself, for you may play with all your fingers; and then every finger performs the part of a separate instrument. True, it will not compare with a real concert,—with the rising winds of an orchestra; but in no single instrument, except the organ, can you have such a combination of sounds; and the organ itself cannot do for you what the Piano-forte does. There are superfine ears that profess not to be able to endure a Piano-forte after a concert; others that always find it to be out of tune; and more who vent their insensibility to music in general, by protesting against "everlasting tinkles," and school-girl affectation or sullenness. It is not a pleasure, certainly, which a man would select, to be obliged to witness affectations of any sort, much less sullenness, or any other absurdity. With respect to Piano-fortes not perfectly in tune, it is a curious fact in the history of sounds, that no instrument is ever perfectly in tune. Even the heavenly charmer, music, being partly of earth as well as of heaven, partakes the common imperfection of things sublunary. It is, therefore, possible to have senses too fine for it, if we are to be always sensible of this imperfection; to

"Die of an air in achromatic pain;"

and if we are not to be thus sensible, who is to judge at what nice point of imperfection the disgust is to begin, where no disgust is felt by the general air? As to those who, notwithstanding their pretended love of music at other times, are so ready to talk of "jingling" and "tinkling," whenever they hear a Piano-forte, or a poor girl at her lesson, they have really no love of music whatsoever, and only proclaim as much to those who understand them. They are among the wisecracks who are always proving their spleen at the expense of their wit.—*Leigh Hunt.*

THE FRENCH GAMBLING HOUSES will cease to be licensed by the government after the present year, by which the revenue will lose about 6,000,000 francs per annum. Could not the British Government gain a hint from this no longer to license the houses for selling poisonous liquors?

CHINESE REMARK.—What shall we say of that person, who labours under great ignorance, who knows but imperfectly the nature of things, and the true principles of morality, and who nevertheless appears with his head lifted up, opening great eyes, bridling his chin, thrusting out his belly; marching haughtily, and as if he counted his steps? Is there an object more worthy of compassion? Were he a hundred years upon the earth, could one say of such a one he had lived a day?

TEMPER.—Of all qualities, a sweet temper is perhaps the one least cultivated in the lower ranks of life. The peculiar disposition is not watched; care is not taken to distinguish between the passionate child, the sulky, the obstinate, and the timid. The children of the poor are allowed a latitude of speech unknown among the higher orders; and they are free from the salutary restraint imposed by what is termed "company." When in the enjoyment of full health and strength, the ungoverned temper of the poor is one of their most striking faults; while their resignation under affliction, whether mental or bodily, is the point, of all others, in which the rich might with advantage study to imitate them.

IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.—By calculations admitted by the highest law authorities to be correct, at least £800,000 are every year absorbed by attorneys and sheriffs' officers in the United Kingdom, for expenses on writs and actions, which enormous sum is therefore wholly lost to creditors. In addition to which it may with truth be stated that as many persons are detained in prison solely for law costs, as for their original debts.

WOMEN SHOULD SEEK SUPERIOR HUSBANDS.—Born to submit, and prone to suffer, whatever be her station, her talents, and (in consequence) her power, woman's great object should ever be, to secure, as her future protector and acknowledged lord, the virtuous man on whose integrity she can rely, the pious man whose tenderness of conscience will forbid him to be the tyrant of her who loves him, trusts him, and obeys him. How can a woman promise to honour and obey him whom she feels to be her inferior? How can she condemn herself to daily, hourly intercourse with one, who can neither increase her knowledge, foster her virtues, nor even comprehend the capabilities she may possess, as a friend or a companion?—*Mrs. Heyland.*

BENEVOLENCE AND CHEERFULNESS.—"Pray, Sir," said a gentleman to Mr. Bentham, "how is it that you have contrived to preserve such cheerfulness? My own father at 78 was as cheerful as a boy, but I have seen few others who preserved this liveliness." B. Was he benevolent? Did he try to do good? P. His whole life was one of active benevolence. B. Ah, there it was. Sir, I have been endeavouring for half a century to promote human happiness, and why should I not be cheerful? Besides, I cultivate it as a habit.

ANXIETY.—The aged should abstain from engaging in any enterprise, whether commercial, political, or literary, which may require much mental labour or occasion anxiety. They should eschew all causes of excitement with a determination not to be shaken, founded on the knowledge that they tend directly to shorten life, often bringing on insanity. A retrospect of the last thirty years presents us with a list of not fewer than seven distinguished statesmen who have sunk almost in the prime of life, under the turmoil and anxieties of their public duties, viz., Fox, Whitbread, Romilly, Liverpool, Castlereagh, and Canning.

THE OMNIPOTENCE OF PUBLIC OPINION.—The superficial observer imagines he sees opinion, which is invisible, controlled by visible force; but he does not perceive that it is to opinion, and to that alone, that all outward force owes its existence. It is because we are continually witnessing it, that we feel no surprise at the miracle of authority—we see the movement, but we forget its source. Society appears to us only as a huge machine; we take power for a cause, while it is only an effect; and we deem it possible to make the effect counteract the cause. But it is to opinion alone that the empire of the world has been given. It is opinion which creates power, by giving birth to sentiment, passion, enthusiasm; formed and elaborated in silence—these, by the collision of minds together, electrify the world. No truth, once put in circulation, has ever again been withdrawn; no revolution, founded on a true idea, ever failed to establish the dominion of that truth, unless it has been incomplete. Thus, for example, many believe that the revolution of England in 1640 failed, because royalty was afterwards restored. They mistake; it was not the idea of a republic which caused the revolution, it was the idea of civil and religious liberty.—*Pensees Detachees par Benjamin Constant.*

FEMALE SOFTNESS OF MANNERS.—The mind of woman should be cast in a gentle mould. We feel occasionally that how much soever we may respect some women, there is *that* about them which we can scarcely love. They want the softness and sweetness essential to female grace. Their conversation is not pleasing, because though what they say may be very just, and even very instructive, it does not fall from honied lips.—Good breeding is the result of a refined taste; and though generally the mark of good company, it differs essentially from the prescriptions of fashion. It is without affectation, and without constraint. It is unobtrusive and unpretending. It is always self-possessed and at ease. Its courtesy is not officious, nor are its attentions ever troublesome. Elegance is nature, but not rude nature; it is unaffected, but not unpolished; it copies natural grace, and corrects natural defects; yet it is no servile imitator, for it studies suitability as well as simplicity. Man is very accessible to the graceful and the beautiful; and, however engrossed by higher pursuits, he seeks in the society of woman relaxation and relief. He wishes to find in her, an enlivener and sweetener of his leisure, as well as the sharer of his cares; and a sensible woman will be desirous that her address should furnish a recommendation, rather than a contrast, to her moral and mental worth.—*Mrs. Sandford.*

THE WONDERS OF THE RESURRECTION.—We are warranted, by the sacred oracles, to entertain the hope, that these mortal bodies of ours, after they have mouldered in the dust, been dissolved into their primary elementary parts, and become the prey of devouring reptiles, during a lapse of generations or of centuries,—shall spring forth from the tomb to new life and beauty, and be arrayed in more glorious forms than they now wear; yea, that all the inhabitants of our globe, from Adam to the end of time, though the bodies of thousands of them have been devoured by cannibals, have become the food of fishes and of beasts of prey, and have been burnt to cinders, and their ashes scattered by the winds, over the different regions of sea and land,—shall be re-animated by the voice of the Son of God, and shall appear, each in his own proper person and identical body, before God, the Judge of all. Now, the firmness of our hope of so astonishing an event, which seems to contradict all experience, and appears involved in such a mass of difficulties and apparent contradictions, must be in proportion to the sentiments we entertain of the Divine Intelligence, Wisdom, and Omnipotence. And where are we to find the most striking visible displays of these perfections, except in the actual operations of the Creator, within the range of our view in the material world?—*Christian Philosopher.*

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE WORLD.—We are informed, in the Divine records, that, at some future period, the earth on which we now dwell shall be wrapt up in devouring flames, and its present form and constitution for ever destroyed; that its redeemed inhabitants, after being released from the grave, shall be transported to a more glorious region; and that "new heavens and a new earth shall appear, wherein dwelleth righteousness."—The Divine mercy having given to the faithful the promise of these astonishing revolutions, and most magnificent events, our hopes of their being fully realized must rest on the infinite wisdom and omnipotence of Jehovah; and, consequently, if our views of these perfections be limited and obscure, our hope, in relation to our future destiny, will be proportionably feeble and languid, and will scarcely perform its office "as an anchor to the soul, both sure and steadfast." It is not merely by telling a person that God is All-wise, and All-powerful, that a full conviction of the accomplishment of such grand events will be produced. He must be made to see with his own eyes what the Almighty *has already done*, and what he is now doing in all the regions of universal nature which lie open to our inspection; and this cannot be effected without directing his contemplations to those displays of intelligence and power which are exhibited in the structure, the economy, and the revolutions of the material world.—*Ibid.*

EXPERIENCE TEACHES FISH.—It is curious to witness the uproar that takes place in the fish pond at Logan, in Galloway, the moment the fisherman makes his appearance with his daily store of limpets and other food for his finny charge. The whole surface seems agitated by some vast internal commotion, as hundreds of fishes rush from all corners to one common point where they know they will receive their accustomed food, and where they greedily contend with each other for the delicious mouthful. They are intimately acquainted with the person of their keeper, and will feed from his hand, distinguishing him from the numerous visitors who frequent the spot. One old cod, for the pond is a salt water one and connected with the sea, allows the fisherman to stroke his head and even to lift him from the water. Thus it is seen that these animals have at any rate acquired a consciousness of security which cannot be ascribed to any modification of mere instinct, which rather prompts them to shun the deceitful protection of man, as it doubtless did when they were first placed in the pond. But they have acquired knowledge from experience, and such is the result.—*Philosophy of Instinct and Reason.*

A VIRTUOUS WOMAN should reject the first offer of marriage, as a good man does that of a bishoprick; but I would advise neither the one nor the other to persist in refusing what they secretly approve.—*Addison.*

HOW THE POOR WERE PROVIDED FOR.—The act of 27th Hen. VIII. c. 25, makes it obligatory, under a penalty of twenty shillings a month on the head officer and householder of every parish, to maintain by the collection of voluntary and charitable alms, the poor of their parish in such a way, that "none of them of very necessity be compelled to go openly on begging." The alms to be collected on Sundays, holidays, and festivals. Every minister in his sermons, collections, biddings of the beads, confessions, and at the making of wills, is required to "exhort, move, stir, and provoke people to be liberal in contributions towards the comfort and relief of the poor, impotent, decrepid, indigent, and needy people, and for setting and keeping to work the able poor." Certain of the poor are directed twice or thrice every week to go round and collect from each householder his broken meat and refuse drink, for equal distribution among the indigent; but precautions are taken by fines and penalties, to guard against the embezzlement of the parochial alms and doles by constables and churchwardens.—*Wade's History of the Middle and Working Classes.*

OVER POPULATION IN ELIZABETH'S REIGN.—An impression appears to have been entertained, in the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth centuries, that population was increasing faster than the funds for its employment, and that it was necessary to discourage its further augmentation by legislative measures. In the 31st year of Elizabeth's reign a curious act passed, entitled *An Act against the Erecting and Maintaining of Cottages*, which, after reciting that "great inconveniences have been found by experience to grow by the erecting and building of great numbers and multitude of cottages, which are daily more and more increased in many parts of this realm," enacts that, for the time to come, no such tenement shall be erected, unless *four acres* of land be attached to it. With a similar view was the act or proclamation issued in 1581, forbidding the erection of new buildings within three miles of the city gates, and limiting the number of inmates in a house to one family. In the year 1630 Charles I. issued a similar proclamation against building houses on new foundations in London or Westminster, or within three miles of the city or the king's palaces. The proclamation also forbade the receiving of inmates in houses, which (it was said) would multiply the inhabitants to such an excessive number, that they could neither be governed nor fed!—*Ibid.*

WHAT REGULATES WAGES.—"For nearly two centuries," says Wade, referring to the seventeenth century, "the price of labour was fixed by public proclamation. The injurious, if not futile, tendency of this interference, hardly needs demonstration. The price of labour, like that of other commodities, is best determined by the proportion between the supply and demand; and it cannot with advantage, either to workman or employer, be regulated by any other principle. If the profits of the master are great, his capital will augment, he will be enabled to employ more labourers, and the competition being increased, the rate of wages will rise. If, on the other hand, profits decline, the fund for paying wages will decline also, and the remuneration of the labourer will be abated. But how, in either case, could the legislature advantageously fix either a minimum or maximum of wages? To compel a master to give higher wages than he could afford and would be voluntarily disposed to give, must necessarily tend to his impoverishment and to destroy his branch of trade; and to compel him to give lower under similar circumstances, would, besides unnecessarily depressing the workman, tend to keep back the supply of labour adequate to the demand. These are the consequences which would ensue, supposing the interference of the legislature efficient. But the fact is, it would be nugatory. Nothing could prevent the master giving, nor the workman taking, whatever rate of wages suited their respective interests, and all coercive provisions to enforce a contrary conduct would be easily evaded."

HUMILITY AND PRIDE.—I never yet found pride in a noble nature, nor humility in an unworthy mind. It may seem strange to an inconsiderate eye, that such a poor violet virtue should ever dwell with honour, and that such an aspiring fume as pride should ever sojourn with a constant baseness. 'Tis he that hath nothing else to commend him, which would invade men's good opinion by a misbecoming sameness. If you search for high and strained carriages, you shall for the most part meet with them in low men. Arrogance is a weed that ever grows in a dunghill. 'Tis from the rankness of that soil that she hath her height and spreading: witness clowns, fools, and fellows that from nothing are lifted a few steps upon fortune's ladder. Nothing procureth love like humility; nothing hate like pride. The proud man walks among dangers pointed against him; whereas the humble and the affable have the people for their guard in danger.—*Feltham's Relics.*

LANCASTER TEMPERANCE HALL.—By the assistance of some benevolent friends in Lancaster, who admire the good effected by the tee-total cause, the Committee of the Temperance Society have taken the theatre. It is, therefore, now wrested out of the hands of the players, and converted into a Temperance Hall.

A FIRM TEE-TOTALLER.—"Well Thomas," said a person to a tee-totalter, who at one time ranked with the vilest of characters, "Would you like a glass of brandy, this cold day?" "No," said he indignantly, "if you would give me as many glasses as I could drink till Saturday night, and a sovereign with every glass, I would not touch a drop."

A DRUNKARD'S WIFE.—Poor woman, she was crying at the front door of the — Inn. "What is the matter?" enquired a bystander. "Why our William has pawned his best clothes for drink this afternoon, and he has just now been fetching my cloak for the same purpose." Is it right for any pawnbroker to take in goods under such circumstances?

INFORMATION TO FOPS.—Whereas should any articles be stolen from persons who expose goods at the front of their shops, in future they are not to be allowed the expenses of a prosecution: and upon the same principle it is decreed that those who have their handkerchiefs hanging nine inches out of their pockets, should the same be carried off, shall have only half of the costs; but those who allow them to hang out three inches less, one-fourth more.

THE EVILS OF CHURCH CONTESTS.—"Ah, the old Clerk at —, was so drunk on Monday morning," observed a person who had passed through the town. "What was the cause?" "They had been polling for church rates, and the church party had won." "Yes," replied another person, "as I was breakfasting in the — Arms Inn, a lot of fellows were drinking, cursing Dissenters, and vociferating in favour of church rates."

LACONICS.—A man without politeness has need of great merit in its place.—According to your purse govern your mouth.—All is soon ready in an orderly house.—A young man idle, an old man needy.—A little neglect may breed a great deal of mischief.—A wicked book is the worse because it cannot repent.—Better give a shilling, than lend and lose half a crown.—Better have one plough going than two cradles.—Better half a loaf than no bread.—Business is the salt of life.—Do not all that you can do; spend not all that you have; believe not all that you hear; and tell not all that you know.—Every one should sweep before his own door.—Every one thinks that he has more than his share of brains.—Go not for every pain to the physician, for every quarrel to the lawyer, nor for every thirst to the pot.—Have not the cloak to make when it begins to rain.—He is fool enough himself who will bray against another ass.—He who says what he likes, hears what he does not like.—He is not drunk for nothing who pays his reason for his reckoning.

FEMALE ATTRACTION.—Who can describe the transports of a breast truly parental, on beholding a daughter shoot up like some fair and modest flower, and acquire, day after, fresh beauty and growing sweetness, so as to fill every eye with pleasure, and every heart with admiration; while, like that same flower, she appears unconscious of her opening charms, and only rejoices in the sun that cheers, and the hand that protects her? There is in female youth an attraction, which every man of the least sensibility must perceive, and if assisted by beauty, it becomes irresistible. The power of woman thus far it is in vain to conceal: He that made both sexes manifestly meant it so, from having attuned our hearts to such emotions. Youth and beauty, set off with sweetness and virtue, capacity and discretion, what have they not accomplished?—*Fordyce.*

DONKEYS are increasing rapidly in every part of the country. "Around this town," says the Editor of the *Dumfries Courier*, "there are fifty or a hundred asses for one that was kept a dozen years ago." Little children ride on them to school: and bigger boys at service use them for conveying milk, butter and eggs to market. The fishermen and women are also getting donkeys; and at the sea side the ass is as indispensable as the flounder net itself. His keep costs next to nothing:—he can live on wild flowers—the leaves of shrubs or thistles, and the coarsest herbage on the way side; and if he take it into his head to die, the loss to his owner is not great. It would be well worth while to offer premiums for the improvement of the breed: for as the roads improve, their services are sure to be more in request."

QUAINT COURTSHIP.—The celebrated Dr. Doddridge once wrote thus to a lady whom he afterwards married:—"You have made a greater advance upon my heart in a few hours than I intended to have allowed you in many weeks; indeed you have possessed yourself of so much room in it, that, unless you consent to become a tenant for life, our parting will be exceedingly troublesome, and it will be a long while before I shall get it in to repair again."

A QUAIN INTERPRETATION.—St. Paul saith, "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath," to carry news to the antipodes in another world of thy revengeful nature. Yet let us take the apostle's meaning rather than his words, with all possible speed to dispose our passion; not understanding him so literally, that we may take leave to be angry till sunset; then might our wrath lengthen with the days, and men in Greenland, where the day is above a quarter of a year, have plentiful scope for revenge.—*Fuller.*

THE STRANGER AND HIS FRIEND.

"Ye have done it unto me."—*Matth. xxv. 40.*

A poor wayfaring man of grief
Hath often cross'd me on my way,
Who sued so humbly for relief,
That I could never answer "Nay:"
I had not power to ask his name,
Whither he went or whence he came,
Yet was there something in his eye
That won my love, I knew not why.

Once, when my scanty meal was spread,
He entered; not a word he spake;
Just perishing for want of bread;
I gave him all; he bless'd it, brake,
And ate,—but gave me part again;
Mine was an angel's portion then,
For while I fed with eager haste,
That crust was manna to my taste.

I spied him, where a fountain burst
Clear from the rock: his strength was gone;
The heedless water mock'd his thirst,
He heard it, saw it hurrying on:
I ran to raise the sufferer up;
Thrice from the stream he drain'd my cup,
Dipt and return'd it running o'er;
I drank, and never thirsted more.

'Twas night; the floods were out; it blew
A winter hurricane aloof;
I heard his voice abroad, and flew
To bid him welcome to my roof;
I warm'd, I cloth'd, I cheer'd my guest,
Laid him on my own couch to rest;
Then made the earth my bed, and seem'd
In Eden's garden while I dream'd.

Stript, wounded, beaten, nigh to death,
I found him by the highway side:
I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,
Reviv'd his spirit, and supplied
Wine, oil, refreshment: he was healed;
I had myself a wound concealed;
But from that hour forgot the smart,
And Peace bound up my broken heart.

In prison I saw him next, condemned
To meet a traitor's doom at morn;
The tide of lying tongues I stemm'd,
And honour'd him 'midst shame and scorn;
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He asked if I for him "would die;"
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,
But the free spirit cried "I will."

Then in a moment to my view,
The Stranger darted from disguise;
The tokens in his hands I knew,
My Saviour stood before mine eyes:
He spake; and my poor name He named:
"Of me thou hast not been ashamed;
These deeds shall thy memorial be;
Fear not, thou didst them unto Me."

J. MONTGOMERY.

NOTICE.

Advertisements admitted on the Monthly Covers of the MORAL REFORMER.—Back numbers and Part I. to be had from any of the Booksellers.

Printed and Published by J. LIVESY, 28, Church Street, Preston.
London—R. Groombridge, 6, Panyer Alley, Paternoster Row. Manchester—Ranks and Co., St. Ann's Square; and Heywood, Oldham Street. Liverpool—Wilmer and Smith, Church Street; and J. Pugh, Marybone. Birmingham—J. Guest, 93, Steelhouse Lane. Bristol—J. Wright, Bridge Street. Leeds—Walker, 27, Briggate. Newcastle-upon-Tyne—J. Beckett, 103, Side; and Caruthers, Great Market. Sunderland—Williams and Bins. Edinburgh—C. Zeigler, 17, South-bridge. Glasgow—G. Gallie, 99, Buchanan Street. Dublin—O. Young, 9, Suffolk Street.